


IN The MORNING GOAMING MOTHER DARLING



SACRED
TO THE
MEMORY
&
MOTHERS
BY A
"VESPERTINE"

WHEN THE

MESSAGE
COMES TO
YOU

WORDS BY
CLINTON J. POTTER
MUSIC BY
F.E. WHITMORE
WHITMORE MUSIC PUB. CO.
220 W. 10th St., N.Y.
SCRANTON, PA.

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In The Gloaming Mother Darling When The Message Comes To You.

Words by
CLINTON J. POTTER.

Music by:
FLOYD E. WHITMORE.

Andante.

Piano.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in E-flat major, 4/4 time, marked 'Andante'. The piano part features a gentle melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The voice part enters with the lyrics: 'In the gloam-ing moth-er dar-ling, When the lights we're dim and low, Bear up brave-ly moth-er dar-ling, There must be no bit-ter sigh.' The piano accompaniment continues with a steady, flowing pattern. The second system of the voice part begins with the lyrics: 'Then I knelt down there be-side you, In the gold-en long a go Moth-er's heart must here be bro-ken, Moth-er's son must dare to die'. The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment. The third system of the voice part begins with the lyrics: 'I can see you dear-est moth-er He is in the trench-side me, I can hear your voice in pray'r, Tho' my hu-man eye cant see, Ask-ing For I'. The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment.

Voice

In the gloam-ing moth-er dar-ling, When the lights we're dim and low,
Bear up brave-ly moth-er dar-ling, There must be no bit-ter sigh.

Then I knelt down there be-side you, In the gold-en long a go
Moth-er's heart must here be bro-ken, Moth-er's son must dare to die

I can see you dear-est moth-er He is in the trench-side me,
I can hear your voice in pray'r, Tho' my hu-man eye cant see, Ask-ing
For I

Arranged by Chas S. Messels orchestra leader, Polik Theatre, Scranton, Pa

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Sing A "Whitmore" Hit
In The Gloaming Mother Darling
When The Message Comes To You

Words by
CLINTON J. POTTER

Music by
FLOYD E. WHITMORE

Piano

Andante

cresc.

In the gloam - ing Moth - er darl - ing,
Bear the up brave - ly Moth - er darl - ing,

rit.

p

a tempo.

When the lights are dim and low, And I knelt down there be -
There must be no bit - er sigh, Moth - ers heart must here be

side you, In the gold - en long a - go, I can see you
broke - en, Moth - ers son must dare to die, He is in the

rit.

a tempo.

dear - est Moth - er, I can hear your voice in prayer, O'er the
trench be - side me, Tho' my hu - man eye can't see, For I

rit.

a tempo.

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Arranged by
Bernard Appleton.

moans of sold - iers die - ing, In the trench - es ov - er there.
know that he is Moth - er, For you said that he would be.

Chorus with feeling

In the gloam-ing Moth - er darl-ing, When the mess-age comes to you,
As you taught me how to trust him, Back there by the old arm chair,

Dolce

Blaz - ened in e - tern - al glo - ry, Moth - er dear will you - be true,
With your lov - ing arms a - round me, As I lispd my ba - by prayer,

He will guide you darl - ing Moth - er, Where your dim eyes can - not see,
So I pray you dear - est Moth - er, As the moth - er taught her son,

May he place his arm a - round you, If the scroll should hon - or me. me.
When the mast - er brings the mess - age, Moth - er pray thy will be done. done.

Him to guide your sol-dier, In the trench-es o-ver there
know that He is moth-er, For you said that He would be.

Chorus.

In the gloam-ing moth-er dar-ling, When the mess-age comes to
As you taught me how to trust Him, Back these by the old arm

you, Blaz-ened in e-ter-nal glo-ry, Moth-er dear you will be
chair, With your lov-ing arms a-round me, As I lisped my ba-by

true, He will guide you dear-est moth-er, Where your dim eyes can-not
pray'r. So, I pray you dear-est moth-er, As the moth-er taught her

see, May he place his arms a-round you, If the scroll shall hon-or me.
son, When the mas-ter brings the mess-age, Moth-er pray thy will be done.

Watch for this Soldiers' Love Story
A Novel in Melody

Mother Was a Soldiers' Sweetheart, Too

CHORUS

I AM PROUD TO BE THE SWEETHEART OF A SOLDIER,
MOTHER WAS A SOLDIER'S SWEETHEART, TOO;
I WAS PROUD AS I COULD BE AS I STOOD BESIDE THE KNEE
OF MY DADDY IN HIS FADED SUIT OF BLUE.
WHEN MY SOLDIER SWEETHEART HEARD HIS COUNTRY CALLING,
HIS LAST WORDS WERE: "DEAR GIRL, I WILL BE TRUE";
AS MY HERO MARCHED AWAY I HEARD MY MOTHER SAY:
"SHE WILL ALWAYS BE A SOLDIER'S SWEETHEART, TOO."

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